

Cookies by [prettyboiiharringrove](#)

Series: [Omega!Billy Hargrove \[13\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Steve Harrington/Billy Hargrove

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-09-07

Updated: 2018-09-07

Packaged: 2022-04-23 02:35:25

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,389

Publisher: [archiveofourown.org](#)

Summary:

poisonousflower3 — Pregnant omega Billy and his cravings!!!

Cookies

“Don’t come home,” Billy barks and Steve isn’t even surprised, he’s just confused as to what he did this time. It’s always been easy to piss him off, and these days it’s a pleasant surprise when Billy’s *not* mad when he gets home. He loves Billy, he really, truly does, and that pup of theirs is a dream come true, but Steve prays for the days where Billy’s more affectionate lapdog and less angry house-cat.

“What’d I do?” Steve sighs, deciding to keep driving towards home, because Billy usually starts to miss him and then get more annoyed at him for not being there in an hour or less after yelling at him.

“You went into my drawer, *Steven*, and when you get pregnant you will get your own drawer for your own fucking snacks, but until then you leave mine alone,” and really, Steve isn’t sure how he sounds so scary when he’s bitching about his not so secret snacks, especially when Steve knows he’s probably leaning against the counter rubbing soothing circles on his swollen stomach as their baby no doubts join in on Billy’s hissy fit. For all intents and purposes it should be cute but a mad Billy is nothing to turn your nose up at, unless you want it broken that is.

“Okay like, I know you’re trying to prove a point or whatever, but I can’t get pregnant so I don’t even know why you say shit like that and honestly, I should get my own drawer for putting up with you,” and okay, Steve knows he’s stupid but he didn’t think he was *that* stupid until those words came out of his mouth and now he’s actually considering turning the car around and asking Joyce if he could crash on her couch for the night.

“I’m sorry, what the *fuck* did you just say to me?!” and Steve knows he deserves it, but Billy screaming at him kind of makes his skin crawl. He feels guilty, and he wants to blame his inner alpha for the feeling, but really it’s just Steve; it’s Steve that feels weak in the knees just knowing that he upset Billy.

“I just mean—”

“Yeah, I’m pretty sure I know what you mean,” Billy sounds like his

feelings are hurt, and that just tears Steve up inside because he knows he's pretty much the only person that actually makes Billy feel things so hurting him is the last thing he wants to do.

"Babe, it's not like that, alright ?? I've just had a long day, but listen I promise I didn't go in your drawer," and really, that's all he meant when he said 'putting up with you'. He didn't mean that he's hated the way Billy's been acting because honestly, he hasn't. Billy's always been a bit of a dick, and now he actually has a bit of a reason to be, cramps, lack of sleep, swollen ankles, endless hunger and all.

"Steve, my Oreos are gone, there was an entire half sleeve left, I know there was because I was saving it despite the fact that I wanted them so bad that I cried in the shower — don't say a fucking word, I know what you're thinking and if you bring up hormones again I swear to god — but fuck Steve it's not there now, and I didn't eat them, so it *had* to be you," it still kind of pisses off Steve to be accused when he knows he didn't do it, even has a pretty good idea of what *actually* happened, but he deals with it, for Billy's sake.

What's more annoying is that they're not Oreos, they're the grocery store's knock-off version because that's what Billy craves. Steve bought him *real* Oreos once and Billy cried and *'no it's not about the fucking cookies, it's because you don't fucking listen, Jesus, does what I say even matter to you'* and obviously it does, but Steve still can't understand why cookies are that fucking important.

"You sure you haven't been sleep eating again?" it's been happening a lot lately, and Steve isn't judging him or anything, he's been known to do weirder things then wander out of bed and eat snacks without even waking up to chew. He just thinks that maybe Billy should have considered that before calling him angrily.

"No, I haven't been, I don't do that anymore, and how could I considering *your* kid kept me up all night kicking like he's trying to get ready for the goddamn world cup," Billy groans and Steve knows it's because the baby definitely starts kicking right as he's mentioned, as if on cue.

"Exactly, he kept you up, and when you bit—," he can practically hear Billy raise his eyebrow, daring him to finish that sentence,

baiting him so that it's easy to go in for the kill. He's smart enough to correct himself and start over. "When you talked to me this morning, you said you were probably going to take a nap. Did you?"

"Shit," Steve smirks proudly and doesn't even argue when Billy tells him to shut the fuck up despite having not said anything. '*That's what I thought*' lingers heavily between them but Steve's smart enough to not actually say it out loud.

"You want me to buy you more before I come home?"

"No, that's uh, that's actually why I was mad. I mean I was pissed about my cookies, but I was more pissed because I went to get more of my own and got stuck in the car. The chief was walking out — stop laughing *asshole* — he was walking out with his weird daughter and saw me. You know how embarrassing it is when the chief of fucking police has to go buy you cookies and then follow you home so he can help you out of the fucking car ??"

"Yeah that uh, that sounds horrible," he knows Billy's probably going to punch him, or kick him in the shin *again* when he gets home, but he really can't stop laughing. "Sorry, sorry, that's just, that's fucking adorable."

"It's not adorable, it's the worst. Doesn't help that I almost pissed myself and I dropped the keys and he had to come get them for me, and his kid just stared at me the whole time, like she was embarrassed for me. I don't need some freaky teenager looking at me like I'm pathetic."

"You know her name, and I thought you liked her."

"I don't like *anyone*, especially not when I've had the **worst day ever**."

"Okay that's a lie, and you're being dramatic," yet another bad decision on Steve's part, but sometimes he just can't help himself.

"And you're being a dumbass, what else is new ??" he probably deserves that, so he tries not to let his feelings get hurt, especially when his boyfriend has always been a hot mess and a bit of a bitch.

“So can I come home yet?” Steve’s pretty sure he knows the answer, but he’s decided to humor Billy so that he can get back into his good graces.

“I haven’t decided yet.” Translation: yes, yes, a thousand times yes because I’m lonely and I’m probably going to climb on top of you the second you get home and not move because you’re warm and comfy and I love you.

It’s funny how Steve can get so much out of a simple sentence, but he’s been in love with this emotionally constipated asshole for years, so he’s figured out most of the language. He speaks Billy, although like most languages, some things just don’t translate.

“I’ll rub your feet for you,” Steve smirks when Billy pauses. He knows that he’s won, that Billy can’t even pretend to still be annoyed because he’s tired and the thought of a foot rub alone practically makes him cream his jeans because it’ll feel so damn good.

There’s a beat of silence and then.

“Hurry up.”

Steve decides to speed up after they hang up, hoping to get there before Billy finds something else to be mad about and changes his mind. He also decides that tomorrow he’s going to go the store and buy as many of those fucking cookies one cart can carry and hide them in case of emergency.